

Bella Swan USSS SPAM by LillianBroderick

by Words of Love for Meli

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Paring: E/B of course.

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Love and hugs Meli.

Bella was having a terrible, no good, very bad day... and she had no idea what was ahead.

Today was the day graduates from United States Secret Service (USSS) training program were selected for placement with Departments and assignments.

As the top recruit in her graduating class, she was up for selection for some of the most elite teams in the USSS. She was hoping for the Presidential or the Vice-Presidential security team

However, there were a couple of obstacles and Bella knew it. She was small and although she'd aced her self-defence class, her size didn't exactly inspire confidence.

The POTUS protection squad members were all six foot at least and she was just five two. In training when she was out running beside the

car you could barely see her above the roof. It was a problem. She knew it, her colleagues knew it and her bosses knew it.

Bella was not only small she also looked young; she looked very young. She actually looked like about sixteen even though she was, in fact, twenty-four.

She would've been an ideal agent for the previous President, who had teenage daughters needing a protection squad but just her luck that this President, though a lovely man was in fact older than dirt, so no teenage daughters needing protection there.

The Selection Committee had a problem. The rules of equity in the Department meant that recruits for elite teams had to be selected according to their qualifications and performance, with no other bias. Bella Swan was the best of the best. No argument. She excelled at it all. So they had a problem: what to do with the best candidate they'd had for years from the Academy.

The Committee's problem was short-lived, however, when the choice was taken from them as the Director of a squad so secret the Secret Service didn't know who they were or what they did, walked into the Selection Committee room, silently picked up Bella Swan's file, but no other, and then turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Isabella Swan's day had gotten off to a fairly rocky start; she'd received a call to say the apartment she'd been renting was being sold and she had two weeks to get out. Her shower ran cold, again, so she couldn't wash her hair, her coffee machine broke so no coffee and her iron burned her only clean uniform shirt so she had to grab a dirty one from the hamper.

So there she was on the day she'd worked towards for the past six years, the day she'd find out what Department she'd be assigned to, sitting in the large hall amongst all the other candidates in the program waiting to be called to the stage.

Something was off and it wasn't just the smell of her hair or her dirty uniform, although neither were good.

She grew increasingly uneasy as she watched her colleagues be called to the stage one by one to receive their assignments.

Finally her name was called. "Candidate Swan," the Training Director called. She marched to him, saluted and stood at attention. She stood waiting for him to announce she was in USSS POTUS Protection. He looked at her but said nothing. What the hell? Say it, she willed him. she knew her performance warranted her placement in the squad. Why didn't he just say it?

He sighed: "Congratulations Swan. You have been assigned to USSS..."

She gave a mental fist pump, she knew it.

He repeated: "... USSS SPAM Division."

What. The. Hell! A look of shock crossed her face for a fleeting moment but then she regrouped. Took the file, saluted the Director, turned on her heel and marched off the stage.

What the fu.. dge kind of Division is SPAM. She'd never heard of it - how could she, the best in her graduating class, be assigned to a division no-one ever heard of?

She felt a hand on her shoulder, turned to see a tall, elegant woman in a dress suit.

"Come with me, Swan."

Bella looked the woman over: "... and you are?"

"Your new boss, SPAM Director Dwyer," she said holding her hand out to shake.

Bella's day continued to go downhill, she thought, as she shook the unknown Director's hand.

Director Dwyer turned and started walking down the hall in her fancy dress suit and her extremely high heels. "Follow me, Swan."

Bella blew out a breath, sucked up her bad attitude and followed her new boss, noting no other candidate was recruited to "SPAM".

"So, Director Dwyer, what is SPAM? I've never heard of it."

"Not in the hallways, Swan. Let's keep this trip in silent mode shall we, recruit."

Bella blushed slightly at the dressing down. She was going to have to keep her curiosity on lock down for now. In silence she walked alongside the Director who acknowledged no one in the halls, although many senior staff passed them and gave her a small nod, ignoring Bella altogether.

They passed through a sequence of security gates; travelled down to subterranean levels and then walked through a maze of hallways; all in silence. Finally they arrived at an office type door, Director Dwyer swiped her card and the pressed her thumb to the screen before leading Bella into the internal reception area, "Take a seat Swan."

Bella sat in one of the large comfortable chairs lined against the wall.

Director Dwyer stopped at her assistant's desk and whispered to the man sitting there. He looked around the Director to get a good look at Bella and then went back to whispering.

Bella shuffled in her seat uncomfortably. She didn't like being the subject of their conversation and she didn't like being assigned to a team she had no idea about.

Director Dwyer went into her office and her assistant sat behind the desk just watching Bella. His stare became more uncomfortable. He tilted his head from side to side until eventually Bella had to challenge him, "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Apparently, yes," he cryptically replied before getting up from the desk and heading into the Director's office. After about 10 minutes,

he opened the door: "Agent Swan, the Director will see you now."

Bella was quick to head in, she had questions and she was hoping for answers.

The Director was sitting at her desk and gestured for Bella to take a seat. The assistant was sitting on the other chair off to the side and was staring at Bella again in the same way he'd been doing out in the reception area.

"Bella, first of all, congratulations on your successful graduation and for taking first position. As you know that entitles you to a spot with the most elite Secret Service Squad. That position and that squad is here at SPAM, Ms Swan.

"We are so secret the rest of the Secret Service don't even know who we are."

She placed her arms across the file Bella had been given at the ceremony just one hour before, which was now on the Director's desk. "You were the only candidate selected for our squad for a number of reasons, Ms Swan.

"One, is that you are extremely bright, resourceful and well trained. Two, is that you are highly motivated to succeed. Three, is because you scored highly with an acceptance for the unusual and acceptance of diversity, which is extremely important attribute here at SPAM. We have no room for bigots or the narrow-minded. The fourth reason you were selected is your physical profile is suitable for an immediate case I will get to soon. The fifth reason is that you have passed Eleazar's test." She tilted her head to her assistant sitting on the couch. "According to Eleazar you have a gift which will make you invaluable to this team.

"Ms Swan, SPAM stands for Supernatural Protection and Assimilation Management."

Bella tried very hard to clear her head. What did she just say? Super... what?

"Ms Swan. My name is Director Renee Dwyer. I am an angel and I don't mean that I have a sweet disposition. I mean that I am in fact an angel." She stood, removed her jacket and gave her shoulders a small shrug and then the most beautiful array of feathers spread from her shoulders in two incredible wings. The feathers were a light brown with a hint of forest green sheen. Bella thought it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

Director Dwyer smiled, "Yes, number three was certainly correct. You are good with weird."

Bella stood and walked around the desk reaching out to stroke the feathers gently. As she did Director Dwyer moaned lightly and closed her eyes.

Demetri chuckled, "Her feathers are sensitive, Ms Swan, in a sensual way, if you get my meaning."

Bella pulled her hand back quickly and resumed her seat. "Apologies

Director Dwyer," she whispered. She blushed a deep red and noticed that Director Dwyer blushed a little too.

The Director cleared her throat, withdrew her wings and resumed her seat. "Ms Swan, soon after the formation of the first division of the Secret Service in 1865, this division was formed. Demetri here is my co-Director of the division and the original agent for SPAM."

Bella looked over at Demetri who gave her that same 'knowing' look. "But that makes you over 150 years old, how is that possible?"

"You need to leave your preconceptions behind you about .. well.. everything," Director Dwyer said. "Demetri is a Vampire. He was 'turned' in the 1700s so he is in fact over 300 years old Ms Swan."

Bella breathed out and took a moment to realise what she'd just learned. She turned back to the Director: "So you mentioned the fifth reason was that I had some sort of gift? What is it, because I am pretty sure I am no angel and certainly no vampire, I don't even eat meat no mind drink blood."

Demetri laughed and she turned to him wondering what it was she said that was so funny.

"Sorry Ms Swan it is just that I am a vegetarian too." He chuckled again.

She was confused by his remark but chose to ignore it, wanting an answer to her question from the Director who smiled at her and said, "You are a mental shield, Ms Swan who is able to block most of the more... invasive gifts of some of our clients which means that you will be safer, more effective and able to keep our secrets."

"You see, this Department was established to protect, and assimilate into society, identified supernaturals who choose to be assimilated into mainstream society. They offer their unique skills to us on occasion and we offer them ... a place in the world."

Bella thought about this for a moment and then asked another question: "You said the fourth reason was that my physical profile suited a case ... what case?"

"Ah yes... Edward," the Director said as she passed Bella a hefty file. "Edward is an asset who is gifted in mind reading. He is a vampire, like Demetri, except Edward, was born in 1901 and turned in 1918. He has expressed a desire to assimilate into society. We've found him a 'foster' situation if you like and we'd like you to be his ... how shall I put it... we'd like you to go undercover as his girlfriend and assist him to transition into society."

Bella looked at the picture on the cover of the file which showed a devastatingly gorgeous young man with a riot of bronze hair, deep golden eyes and a jawline that reminded her of classical statues she'd seen once on a visit to the National Gallery. She crossed her legs and tried to focus. Demetri sniffed the air and chuckled, "I see you have noticed Edward is quite easy on the eye, is his not, Ms Swan."

Bella blushed again and ignored his remark.

"So, my physical profile, which suits this case so well, is that I could pass as a 17 year old, is that what you are saying?"

The Director nodded: "Ms Swan, Edward is going to enter mainstream society for the first time since a year or two after he was turned. He has been a loyal and active agent for almost 90 years and we now are very happy to support his decision to retire as an agent... and help him to integrate into society.

"He will be posing as a Senior in high school in Forks, Washington. He is going to become a member of the Cullen family. The Cullens are a family of vampires headed up by Carlisle and his wife Esme. Their information is in the folder I have given you, as well as containing everything we have about Edward.

"The Cullens have already 'adopted' four other vampires: Emmett, Rosalie, Jasper and Alice. They have been assimilated into society for some time but have only been in Forks for a year. The 'children' are already enrolled and attending Forks High and they will assist you with Edward's ... naturalisation.

"You will be going undercover as their new foster daughter while Edward will be their new foster son. The Chief of local law enforcement have been informed of your situation and they believe the Cullens to be in the Witness Protection Program."

Bella started to finger the folder's edges, she wanted more information about this assignment and her analytical mind wanted to dive into the detail. She was growing impatient.

The Director noticed her agitation, "Bella your apartment is being packed up as we speak and your personal things will be on the plane which will take you and Edward to Forks tomorrow."

Bella thought about the mayhem her apartment was left in when she raced out that morning and her blush started to pink on her face.

The Director pressed a buzzer after which a door on the far side of the office opened and a number of twinkling lights flew into the room. "Please take Ms Swan to see Edward. Be nice and take her the shortest way possible since she is only just getting to know us."

The dazzling lights flew around Bella and she looked at them with her head tilted to one side.

"She is a powerful shield," said Demetri. "The Will o'Wisps have no power over her at all." He turned to Bella, "They can compel most people to follow them wherever they want them to go, but clearly your shield protects you from their mischief. Just follow them, they'll take you to Edward."

The Director walked her to the door with the Will o'Wisps leading the way. "I'd like you to spend the evening in Edward's apartment; take the opportunity to read this file and get to know him. He is ... well, I'll leave it to you to decide about Edward. Welcome to SPAM, Ms Swan."

With that, the door was closed and Bella was in the dark. Literally. Only the twinkling of the Will o'Wisps gave her any light at all to find her way.

Back in the office, Demetri walked over to Renee: "You didn't tell her the sixth reason you chose her for Edward."

Renee let her angel wings spread and circle around Demetri, "Well my love, that is because, if Alice was correct, there's no need to tell her."

The Will o'Wisps led Bella through the dark up and down corridors finally leading to a wooden door with an old-fashioned door knocker. Bella thought this very odd considering all the high tech security she'd been through earlier in the day but decided that she was either in a very strange dream or SPAM was real and she was part of the madness, so nothing was you'd expect.

She grabbed the knocker, tapped it three times and waited. She heard some noises from behind the door and stepped back wondering what it was that was behind it.

The door opened and on the other side was a petite woman, around Bella's size, who had transparent wings flapping behind her. "What do you want?" she asked.

"I'm here to see Edward." Bella answered in a calm voice, denying her true reaction to the pixie staring daggers at her.

Then a smooth velvet voice called from inside the room, "Desist from your nonsense Tanya and let the poor woman inside."

The pixie grunted and flew back before disappearing inside the apartment. The Will o'Wisps also disappeared and Bella found herself once again in the dark. "Hello?" she called as she stepped toward the light ahead inside the apartment.

As she stepped inside she was met with a firm chest and almost fell back but for the strong arms that reached out to prevent her falling.

"Miss Swan I presume," the velvet voice spoke again. "Apologies for my presumption, I should never have touched you in that familiar manner but I was fearful you would fall and hurt yourself."

Bella stepped back and as her eyes adjusted to the dim light she looked up into the most beautiful face she'd ever seen. This had to be Edward. The photo on the file she had dropped when she ran into his solid body, did not do him justice.

She realised she'd been staring for a little too long, cleared her throat and introduced herself. "Hello, my name is Agent Bella Swan." She held her hand out to him.

He looked at her hand with curiosity and then reached out his own hand to shake hands.

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Swan. My name is Edward Anthony Masen, the second."

This time it was his turn to look just a little longer than necessary. "Oh, please excuse my poor manners, please do come in and take a seat in the parlor. I will gather your papers and bring them into you. You must think me a terrible oaf."

Oaf? Bella thought. What an odd expression. Besides 'oaf' would be the farthest thing from her mind in relation to Edward.

He bent down and picked up the papers from the file. He then guided her into a room which looked like a set from a film. A film set in the 1900s. When they stepped into the well-lit room, she noticed the tapestry rugs on the floor, the quaint wallpaper, the lovely round edged vintage furniture and gas lighting.

"This is a lovely room, Edward."

He smiled and once she was seated, he handed her the file and then sat opposite her.

"Thank you, Miss Swan." He sat back and crossed his long legs and Bella was transfixed by his elegance. Then she noticed what he was wearing. His hair was slicked down, he was clean shaven, he was wearing a suit and button shoes, the coat was made of a deep red velvet.

Seeing her look at his clothes he panicked: "Oh, please excuse my casual attire, Miss Swan. I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow. Mrs Dwyer called on the telephone just a few moments before your arrival and I had no time to dress in appropriate clothing to greet you. I stand before you in my smoking jacket which is no way to greet a single lady in my home. Please accept my apologies."

Bella burst out in giggles. This day had descended into total craziness. She needed to eat and she needed coffee.

"Edward?"

"Yes, Miss Swan?" He was a little confused by her giggles unsure if this was a human behaviour or a peculiarly female behaviour.

"Is there a cafeteria or somewhere I can go to get some food and coffee. I haven't eaten since breakfast and I am feeling a little lightheaded?"

Edward stood with a horrified look on his face. "Good Heavens, Miss Swan, that won't do. Please excuse me a moment."

He left the room and Bella wondered if she'd offended him but after a few minutes he returned with a suit coat on to replace his 'smoking jacket' and he resumed his seat opposite her.

"I have called for dinner and coffee for you. It should be here soon."

"Thank you."

"You are most welcome, Miss Swan."

"Edward, please call me Bella."

He looked at her with an almost shocked expression, "Oh, well, thank you, Miss Swan, but we've only just met and ... are you sure you are comfortable with me addressing you in such an informal manner."

She smiled, "Yes Edward, I wouldn't have suggested it if I didn't feel comfortable with it."

He nodded. "Bella, then."

It was at that moment that Bella thought about the task she'd been assigned; how on earth was she going to prepare this gentleman of the past to be a teenager in high school.

"Edward?"

"Yes, Miss... Bella?"

"I have information in this file which I will need to read later but perhaps you could tell me about yourself?"

"If that would please you. I believe you know that I am a vampire. I was turned in 1918. I was raised in Chicago in a wealthy household. My father was in business, and my mother ran the house. I was still in school but fully intended to join the troops fighting the war in Europe as soon as I graduated much to my father's chagrin.

"However, a flu epidemic took over the city which took first my mother and then my father. I too became quite ill myself and thought that I would surely die. However, I woke as a vampire in the dark streets of Chicago. I have no memory of getting there, nor do I have a memory of being changed. I made my way back to my family home and stayed there until a terrible thirst for blood overtook me."

He paused for a moment: "This isn't too upsetting for you is it, Miss... I mean Bella? I don't want to upset you."

"No Edward, this isn't the least bit upsetting."

He nodded and then continued: "I am pleased, I would hate to upset you so early in our acquaintance. So, I went in search of something to quench my thirst but when I was drawn to the scent of a person's blood, I was overwhelmed by their thoughts and was unable to take the blood from them which I needed to survive. Once again, I thought I would die until I found myself wondering in the forest lands behind my parent's estate where I came across some deer. They had no thoughts for me to read and so I fed from them."

"Oh apologies, Bella, I understand that you are a vegetarian. Please understand that the animals I kill do not suffer and I never kill more than I need."

Bella smiled, clearly he'd been given some information about her before today.

"At any rate, once I realised that I could feed from animals for my sustenance, and that I could read the minds of the humans around me, I managed to continue to live in my parent's estate for some time. After a couple of years, however, I realised people were noticing that I was not ageing. So I sold my parent's estate, and travelled from place to place for a short while.

"Eleazar and Renee found me when I was in New York in 1928, they brought me here and I have worked for them ever since, assisting with criminal investigations and the like. Being able to read minds is helpful with interrogations as you can well imagine.

"But they have Aro here now and so I can leave with the knowledge that I am not turning my back on my duty, as his abilities are far superior to mine.

"I long for some new society and new friendships. Eleazar believes that I will enjoy life with the Cullens and I have spoken with Carlisle many times on the telephone. He is a very respectable and learned gentleman so I am sure I will enjoy his acquaintance."

Bella was mesmerized. He was dazzling, beautiful and gentle. A gentle man, she'd never really thought about those words in that way before,. then her stomach growled stirring her from her daze. She blushed, "I'm sorry Edward."

"Nonsense, Bella. I am surprised that Renee and Eleazar didn't see to your needs better than this. Excuse me a moment while I see if your food is ready." He stood and left the room again only to return just moments later. He reached for her hand: "Your dinner is ready, please may I escort you to the dining room? Or perhaps you'd like to dress for dinner?"

She looked at her crumpled uniform remembering suddenly her terrible morning. She was a little embarrassed at her state but decided that food was far more important at this stage, than fashion.

"I apologise for my state of dress, Edward, I am usually much neater than I am today but in all honesty I would prefer to eat rather than change. Do you mind?" She was strangely concerned that he might be disappointed with her appearance.

"Miss Swan... Bella... you have no idea how long I have waited for you. I wouldn't care if you came to me with nothing but rags on your back. I am delighted to finally meet with you. Please, let me take care of you. Come."

She was confused by his words but as everything that day had confused her she decided not to question but just go with it.

He led her to a beautiful dining room, with a large oak table and seating for eight. The table was set with candle sticks. fine china and crystal glasses. He walked her to a seat which he pulled out for her and then pushed in for her as she sat. She'd seen men do that in movies but had never experienced it before in real life.

Edward took a seat to her right at the head of the table. He picked up a small bell and rang it a few times before placing it back on the table. Two men entered wearing formal suits and white gloves; one man carried one decanter of red wine and a coffee pot while the other man carried a dinner plate with a lid covering it as well as a bowl of salad.

They placed the plate and salad before Bella as well as the coffee pot, while the decanter of wine was placed in front of Edward. The lid was removed from the plate of food and a delicious plate of

mushroom ravioli with a somato basic sauce and placed next to it was the lovely fresh garden salad. Bella's stomach growled. "Sorry, I am really hungry and this looks delicious, thank you."

"You're most welcome. I don't think you take good enough care of yourself, Miss Swan."

Bella remembered again her disastrous morning, her unwashed hair and her unclean uniform. She was embarrassed. "I assure you Edward, I am perfectly capable of caring for myself. I just had a bad morning."

"Hmm," was all he said as he poured himself some red wine which Isabella realised immediately was not red wine at all.

"That's not human blood is it?"

"Certainly not. This is the blood of bear; Eleazar and I hunted only yesterday. I always collect blood for my stores as well as drinking while on the hunt. Normally I would not need to feed so soon after hunting, but... "

"But?"

He sighed, "But, you Miss Swan, have a deliciously tempting scent which when I first tasted on my tongue, I found ... difficult to resist. Since then I have been building up my immunity and developing strategies , such as overfeeding, to ensure you are in no danger from me."

"I don't understand, we only just met." She realised from what he'd been saying that clearly he had known her longer than she'd known him.

"Actually, I've known of you for several years, Miss Swan. I suppose it is time to do the right thing and be honest with you. But please eat, you've barely touched your food."

She picked up her fork and ate another piece of the delicious ravioli, never taking her eyes from Edward, making it quite clear that she expected him to keep talking.

He noticed her shiver and realised that his rooms were probably too cold for her so he removed his jacket and placed it around her shoulders. She, in turn, noticed that there was no warmth in the cloth as she'd expect when someone had been wearing it. She stored this away not wanting to distract Edward with her questions.

"Among our number there are many supernatural creatures as you would describe them, who have gifts. I, for one, can read minds, well everyones except yours that is. Others like Aro can read minds through the exchange of touch. Eleazar can locate individuals even humans like yourself who are gifted. Demetri and James are trackers, Jasper can manipulate emotions, Alice is a seer, etc, etc."

He looked to her plate so she again popped another piece of ravioli in her mouth.

"So, sometime ago this Alice saw you as a potential ... friend... for me. She contacted Eleazar who agreed that given your ability to block

my talent, that you would indeed be a perfect ma... friend. So James tracked you down for me and here we are."

She ate another piece of ravioli but she was scowling at him now: "Explain."

"When James' report showed that you lived here in Washington DC, I couldn't resist getting closer to you. It was then we realised that your blood had a particular allure for me and that I needed to develop an immunity to your scent if I was ever going to be able to be ... close to you."

"Hmm, and how exactly did you develop this immunity?" Her mind was working overtime at what he had been doing in her life.

"Nothing harmful, Bella, please calm yourself. It's not like I've been sneaking into your room and watching you sleep, that would be an awful invasion of your privacy and quite ungentlemanly. Although you may not be pleased with my tactics please understand I would never disrespect you. Tanya stole the occasional item from your clothes hamper which carried your scent, so that I could carry it with me to desensitise myself to the scent of course."

"What kind of things did she take, Edward?" She was planning all the ways she could hurt him if the words 'underwear' came out of his mouth.

"Oh, nothing intimate. Please Bella, you may not believe me but I am a gentleman and would never do something so bold. She took pillowcases from your bed linen. We always replaced them when your scent wore off and took another. They were rich with your beautiful scent."

Bella poured herself a coffee and reflected on his words as she stirred in the sugar. Okay, so she knew three things for certain: One, Edward was a vampire. Two, she was linked with him in some way more than just him being an assignment, and Three, she was really, really tired.

She decided against the coffee, stood and asked him to show her to her room. "This has been the strangest and longest day in my life and I haven't even read this file yet. Can you show me to my room? Also, if I could have something to sleep in that would be great."

He stood more quickly than she was prepared for and it made her a little woozy. "Sorry," he said. "I forgot for a moment to monitor my movements. I will move at a more human pace from now on. May I take your hand, Bella?"

She shrugged, "Sure."

He smiled a beaming smile and reached for her hand. "This way my dear."

She shook her head at his old-fashioned manners, picked up the file, took his outstretched hand and followed her new 'friend' out of the room.

He led her down some dark hall ways. "Why is it so dark in here, Edward?"

"I see in the dark as clearly as I do in the light, so I suppose I am not in the habit of wasting precious resources to light my rooms unnecessarily. I apologise for not thinking of your needs though." He stopped at a switch and then the hallway was illuminated brightly by lovely art deco style wall lamps. "Better?"

"Much, thank you. And you know if you are going to assimilate into society you are going to have to start doing things humans do, even if they are not necessary."

"Fair point, Miss Swan. I will try to consider this in future. Ah, here we are." He stopped at a lovely wooden carved door and opened it for Bella to enter. There was a large four-poster bed covered with a lovely quilt. There was a fire burning in the fireplace and lamps on around the room. Spread over the bed was a long white linen nightgown and a lovely white woollen shawl with a pair of slippers placed on the floor near the bed.

Bella walked in the beautiful room and felt at home. She wondered just how much Edward knew about her that he could put together a setting like this, which was straight out of her deepest dreams but she wouldn't ask now as she really was tired, and desperate for a shower.

She was about to ask when he pointed to a door on the far side of the room. "Your bathroom is there, Tanya stocked it with things that you use at home, so hopefully they will be to your liking. He walked over and took her hand again. He raised it to his lips, "It is so lovely to finally meet you Miss Swan. Lovely too, that I didn't think of killing you once since you arrived. The desensitisation has worked well."

He started to walk out of the room but she called out to him, "Edward! Thank you for the lovely room and lovely things. One piece of advice."

"Yes?"

"Don't talk about wanting to kill people if you want to make friends with humans, okay."

He gave her a serious nod as though he was committing this information to memory and then left with a mumbled good night.

Bella took the longest hottest shower she'd had in ages, and then slipped into the soft bed clothes Edward had left for her. With the shawl wrapped around her shoulders she sat in front of the fire to dry her hair and read the Edward file she'd been carrying around all afternoon and evening.

After reading through the file her head was swimming with images of Will o'Wisps, pixies, sparkly vegetarian vampires and angels with beautiful wings. Despite all this she must've fallen asleep because she felt solid arms lift her and carry her to the bed. The quilt was thrown back and she was tucked in to the softest bed she'd ever slept in. She felt a soft kiss on her forehead and fell back into her deep sleep.

When she awoke the next morning there was a tray with a small teapot

and a freshly baked sultana muffin, her favourite of course, on a plate. She sat up and stretched before getting out of the bed to head to the bathroom.

"Oh, Miss Swan, you have no... undergarments."

Bella hadn't noticed Edward sitting in a chair reading by the fire but now she certainly noticed his shocked expression as his eyes were taking in her body. She looked down and realised the linen nightdress was extremely sheer and she was naked underneath it as he'd left no other clothes for her, and she certainly wasn't going to wear dirty underwear. She jumped back into the bed and pulled up the quilt.
"Sorry I didn't see you there."

"It is I who should apologise, Miss Swan. I brought in the tray and then settled in to read until you awoke. It was presumptuous of me I know, but now that you are here, I find it difficult to be away from you. Please forgive me."

"Edward, this is your apartment and I am grateful for the lovely arrangements. Should you have knocked? Yes, but I understand. If this attraction thing is what I read about in the file... and you think I am your "mate", then I understand that you feel the need to be near me. I feel a sort of pull towards you too."

"Do you think you could close your eyes so I could go to the bathroom without shocking you further?"

"Of course," he said as he placed his hands over his face.

Bella leapt from the bed and went straight to the bathroom locking the door behind her. She quickly relieved herself, washed her face and hands, brushed her teeth and brushed her hair. She found a lovely soft dressing gown hanging behind the door; she put it on and tied the belt tightly around her waist.

She went out to find Edward pacing the floor. "Are you alright Edward?"

"I fear I am not making a very good impression on you, Miss Swan."

"Edward, from what I read in that file last night you have saved hundreds of innocent victims of kidnapping and violent offences, many of them just children. How could I not have a good impression of you?"

He pushed his fingers through his hair and then sat down. Bella thought that if it were possible for a vampire to blush that Edward would do so right now.

It was true, in the file she had noted that he had been instrumental in providing the information investigators needed to locate hidden, and in some cases even buried, victims of crime, some living, some not.

Without his help none of them would've been found since torture is not a legal interrogation method of criminals to find out where they've hidden their victims; thankfully Edward provided an alternative.

Many victims had been saved and many criminals had been successfully prosecuted thanks to Edward's evidence.

Some of the cases were ones she had studied during her training and she had often wondered how the cases had been solved. Now she knew. Edward.

In her eyes, he was a hero.

"I was just trying to find a purpose for myself in this vampire life, Miss Swan. It was the least I could do."

She took a seat and picked up a cup of tea he had poured for her. "Didn't I ask you to call me Bella? So, now you are finished and want to enter society in a new way?"

"Yes. You see I never actually finished high school, Miss Swan... Bella. Although I have studied in my own way and read many books on philosophy, science, romance, history and mathematics, I do not have my high school certificate.

"Whereas you completed high school early, completed your degree and your masters in a reduced time compared to the usual time allowed, still finishing at the top of your graduating class.

"As your ma... friend, well, I feel ... unworthy of you."

Bella reached out her hand to rest over his: "Edward, that is simply not true. You have done so much good in the world. Honestly, I think the main reason I have completed my schooling so quickly and done so well, is that I never really fit in with 'normal' people. I've spent most of my time alone.

"My father died when I was young and I guess you could say my mother was a bit of a Will o'Wisp in human form. I followed her moving from one place to another until she died when I was 18. I was already at College by then and her death left me completely alone in the world. Losing her to a drunk driver, who should never have been on the road, drove me into studying law and my grief drove me to be the best.

"So you see Edward you've done what you have done for completely unselfish reasons with no reward for yourself. Whereas I have done what I have done, if not for selfish reasons, certainly self-centred reasons."

She sat back and took another sip of her tea. "I am so glad I can help you now with your goals. When do we fly to Forks?"

"Thank you for your kind words, Bella. We can't really fly directly to Forks so we are flying to Port Angeles and then we are driving to Forks. Your personal things are already loaded on the jet with your furnishings being placed in my storage here. I've left some clothing for you on the bed, I will go dress for the trip and then meet you in the parlor in say an hour?"

She nodded and he left the room closing the door behind him. Bella looked to see the bed was made and a pair of jeans and a blouse as well as underwear were on the bed waiting for her.

She jumped in for another shower, dressed and then headed out switching on the lights in the hallways so she could find her way. She arrived back in the 'parlor' and took a seat, taking the opportunity to read more of the file.

She'd been fascinated with the information about the vampires working with the USSS and other creatures as well. Tanya flew into the room, literally. "You better take good care of Edward, young lady."

"I will, although from what I read last night, he's pretty much indestructible."

"That's not what I mean, his body is strong as marble, but you be careful with his heart. He's innocent in the ways of modern women with their slovenly habits. He won't understand when you use him and lose him. So just you be careful with him."

"I don't understand what you mean but I pretty sure I'm insulted."

Just then Edward entered wearing what can only be described as an old-fashioned banker's suit. Bella thought that now was as good a time as any to start assimilating Edward into society. "Um, Edward?"

"Yes my dear?"

"Do you have anything less formal to wear?"

He looked at his clothes and back up to Bella: "These are my travelling clothes. They are not in the least bit formal, I can assure you."

Tanya flew to Bella's side and crossed her arms over each other, "I've bought him 'modern' clothes but he just won't wear them."

Bella looked to Tanya, "Are there any jeans in his closet?"

Tanya nodded enthusiastically.

Bella went over and took Edward's hand: "Come on, lead me to your wardrobe, your assimilation starts now and it starts with some Calvins."

Tanya giggled and flew ahead leading the way: "I think I might like you after all, Isabella."

Bella laughed: "Don't call me that, I hate that name. Call me Bella."

The girls dragged Edward back to his rooms and then into his very large walk-in wardrobe.

Bella pulled out all the things, she found in the depths of his closet, that were appropriate for a 'modern' teenager and threw them on the bed. "Pick something from these to wear today, I'm going to pack the rest." She opened his suitcase and pulled out his perfectly folded but very 1920s appropriate clothing, including his long-john's. "Edward, you can't wear these ... ever!"

Tanya laughed and grabbed the old fashioned clothes returning them to the closet. "Don't worry Edward they'll be here for you when you come home."

After half an hour of packing and listening to Edward whine about inappropriate and uncomfortable clothing, he was finally dressed wearing a fabulous pair of jeans which hung low on his hips, a white t-shirt with a plaid over shirt. He had boots on his feet since he flatly refused to wear runners, and he carried a large wool jacket.

He looked like a model on a casual shoot from a men's magazine.

"Can we leave now?" he grumbled.

"Not quite," Bella said as she shoved a Chicago Cubs baseball cap on his head. "Now we can go."

"Bella, I can not wear this cap. First of all, we are not going to the baseball and secondly, I can not wear a hat while indoors."

"Yes you can and yes you will." She placed a small kiss on his cheek. "Now come on, it's time to assimilate." She strode out of the room and headed back out to the lobby of the apartment.

Edward grinned as he watched her leave and then turned to Tanya: "Goodbye old girl, wish me luck."

Tanya kissed his forehead: "Don't 'old girl' me and you be careful. And be nice to Bella, I like her."

He chuckled and kissed her temple before following after Bella, mumbling about uncomfortable underwear.

A/N: Well I just adore this Edward. I hope you liked him too and that he gave you a smile.

Love and virtual hugs.

End
file.